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TROUT-FISHING.

"Tis twenty years, do you remember When, boy and girl, we stole the fish, And went a-fishing one September? The lake so clear, it was as if, Upborne on love's delicious leaves, We floated in a pure mid-summer sea. With clouds of lilacs for a border, The fragrant summer seemed to rise To blossom for dear passion's sake. Excessive with its sweet disorder, To you, too, was that fond distress Of fish and fear and happiness, Carried by carous unheeded, Till fingers nailed on the reel, I thought the very trout had leaped. His double spoil was caught and lauded."

Alas! that love which we remember, Blushes at all those wanton words, Should be a blossom of September, Born of the promise of sweet things— Sweet dying things, whose only duty Is clothing life in forms of beauty! For though I held you in my arms, As full of honey in your claims, As when the trefail holds the clover, Your fingers, tutored in a dance, In playing trout were found so subtle You hooked the fish and cast the lover."

But often, since we slipped the hook To play for life with baited hooks, In pools less pure, do I remember The fragile blossom of September, Born of the promise of sweet things— A dying thing, whose only duty Was clothing life in forms of beauty. With heaven above and heaven below, That life has grown to other needs, Our boat lies rotting in the woods, And we can neither raise nor sink You hooked the fish and cast the lover."

—Harper's Magazine.

SPANIARDS.

I.—CARLISTS.

I was indebted to my Spanish teacher, once a Spanish nobleman, for my first clear knowledge of the Carlist struggle. The old S. ligue law, which prevented any woman from ascending the Spanish throne, having been abrogated by Ferdinand, the last king, who left the crown to his daughter, Isabella, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina, those partisans were called Christians, Don Carlos, the king's brother, and the direct male heir, resisted the change.

The constitutional government established by the Carlists, bringing all under one general law, does away with the ancient fueros, or privileges of the provinces. This was especially resented by the Basque provinces, whose inhabitants had been left to enjoy great freedom among, and most probably on account of their mountains.

They therefore presented the singular spectacle of a free people, ready at any time to take up arms for absolute kings, because this absolutism had never bothered them. The career of my informant was a good illustration of the recent history of Spain.

He had begun life as an Andalusian noble, and naturally espoused the cause of Don Carlos. Becoming one of the "Pike" staff officers, his position was excellent for observing everything, and his account of a Carlist camp at the time was exceedingly interesting.

The old men and women with the smaller boys and girls, remained at home to work the farms, and procure provisions for them all. The larger boys conveyed supplies to the camp, which contained all the able-bodied men.

The young women were there also to cook and keep things tidy until a fight came, when they also brought in the wounded from the battle field, and tended them until they recovered, or until they passed away. The usual loose license of a camp had no exit there. Every young woman was just as safe from harm or insult among her relatives and friends in camp as she would have been in her own home.

One day my informant, with the rest of the staff, was riding with "the king" along a narrow road among the mountains, they met an old woman, bowed down with age and grief, walking in front of a rough hand barrow, borne by four young women, on which lay a fine-looking young man who seemed badly wounded.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs roused the aged mourner, who raised her head as the head of a serpent, and made room for the king's party to make room in the narrow road.

"The king," raising his hat, said:

"Mother, is this your son?"

The old woman turned toward him her fine, though wrinkled face, and, seeing who it was, saluted him and answered:

"Yes, your majesty."

"He seems badly wounded."

"Yes, he is dying, and he is the second son that I have thus lost, my only consolation being that I have one more still left for the service of your majesty."

Bending down her head again, she moved on as before with her sad train, while all the horsemen remained uncovered till they passed.

Of course, with such devotion as this, Don Carlos had them and theirs always at his command. When he chose to raise his standard, he never lacked for hardy soldiers. Their mountains offered a secure base for operations, insuring them a safe retreat, while their extended seaboard put them in communication with the rest of the world, and gave them an amount of supplies limited only by their power to purchase.

My informant, while in command of a body of troops, was obliged, in order to avoid capture, to cross the Portuguese frontier. He and his men were disarmed and imprisoned.

For two years he tried in vain to free his men. Then, feeling he had done his whole duty toward them, he secured his own escape and went to England. Thence he gained the continent, and finally settled in Paris.

The national weapon of the Spaniards is the knife, and certainly they know how to use it. Talking one day with a young man who seemed likely to know, I asked him what there was peculiar in the management of the knife.

"Why," said he, with a smile, "I could kill you, and you couldn't kill me."

"Well," said I, "please point out the difference between us. What would you do first?"

"Why, I'd make you wink, and stab you while you winked."

"How would you make me wink?"

"Why, so," said he, throwing up his left hand near my eye.

"Well, I could do the same."

"Try it," said he.

I tried, and found it impossible to make him wink, though I passed my

hand up and down several times so as almost to touch his eyelashes.

His bright, black eyes looked out at me unflinchingly all the while. It was clear that his eyes were educated, and that mine were not.

I then asked if there was any possibility of an unarmed man's defending himself against one armed with a knife.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I'll show you," and in an instant whipping off his coat, he held the end of one of his arms in his left hand, wrapping the rest of his coat rapidly around his forearm, and, bringing the end of the other sleeve also into his hand, where it was firmly held, binding together the whole mass which formed a patient defense against the thrust of any ordinary knife.

I then recalled that one of the marks of the men of Puerto del Sol, at Madrid, which answers to our Bowry, was a washed cloak, evidently not so honorable in its origin as a "slashed doublet," of the old time.

The use of the knife appears to be so ingrained into Spanish history and habits that one mode of expressing the idea of being "lord of a manor" was "tener horca y cuchillo"—to hold gallows and the knife.

III.—SPANISH PRIDE

National pride is very general, but that of the Spaniards seems to tower above the average. The sea, which nearly surrounds Spain, and the rugged mountain chains that cut off intercourse to a great degree between the provinces, have given them almost insular prejudices, and afford another illustration of the truth that those who least mix with others have the highest ideas of their own importance.

A Spanish gentleman, once, in conversation, claimed, what had been so often claimed for other languages, that it could express more in small compass than any other. I asked him to quote the most striking illustration he could recollect.

"Why," said he, when a man is prepared to meet any consequence, and, stretching out his arm, says, 'Ojala,' no other language can express that idea so condensed."

I told him he was mistaken, for we could say "Be it so," and thus express the same idea in the same number of syllables.

"The Duke of Wellington used to say, 'To boast of Spain's strength is the national sin.'"

A Castilian teacher went so far, on one occasion, as to remark to his class, that when our Saviour was tempted by Satan, who showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, it was a very good temptation, because the Spaniards, from his view, or we do not know what might have happened."

"He said," said he, "that the Spaniards, from his view, or we do not know what might have happened."

"German is the language of the East," said he, "and the Spaniards, the language of the West."

Another one said, "If further, and says, 'Si Dios no me ayuda, yo no puedo ser rey de España.'"

"If God were not God he would be King of Spain, and the French king his cook!"

Further than this it is difficult for human pride to go.

"No More Ducks—No More Injun."

Over at Washoe City, the other day, some men stopping at the principal hotel, while viewing the surroundings of the place, saw a large flock of ducks settled down on the farther side of Washoe Lake. A Washoe Indian also saw the ducks, and told the men he could get them if they would get him a gun.

In the hotel they found an old-fashioned Statesman. This they loaded nearly to the muzzle, and giving it to the Indian, started him to the lake. After he had gone the ways who loaded the gun for him went to the upper story of the house, and with opera-glasses watched the progress of the noble red man. He at last reached the spot where the ducks had been seen to settle down among the reeds. Presently they saw the smoke dart from the Indian's gun, saw him fall backward to the ground, and heard a tremendous roar from over the lake—a sound as though the gun had burst into a thousand pieces. Fearing that the gun had indeed burst and killed the poor fellow, the jokers began to feel very guilty. They hastened to the lake, and struck about half way around they met the Indian coming toward them. There was a long gasp across his right cheek bone and his face was covered with blood, but he had as many ducks as he could hold in both hands.

"Well, Jim," said they, "how did you make it?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I shot one, no more shot—no more ducks, no more injun!"—Virginia City (New) Enterprise.

An Enterprising Young Journalist.

Some time since the editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for a few days, and entrusted his organ to the care of a novice in journalism, instructing him to pile it on as thick as he could whenever he had a chance to advertise the Herald. He then went away, and the following night his wife died very suddenly. This is how the assistant editor mentioned the circumstances:

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.—We are compelled this morning to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor who has been entrusted with the care of this organ, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first-class journal. Last night death unexpectedly snatched away from our domestic hearth the best advertisement under the head of stoves and furnaces, upon our first page. Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald (Term, three dollars a year, invariably in advance.) A kind mother and exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs; knock hard.) "We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee." (Job printing solicited.) Funeral at four and a half, from the house just across the street from the Herald office. (Advertisements inserted for ten cents per square.)

FRENCH CHARACTER.

Causes of the National Cheerfulness

At each repeated visit to this country, I am newly struck by the irrepressible gaiety of the French. Happily, it is more visible in Paris, and in the Latin Quarter than anywhere else. It has been often said that their habitual gaiety is rather external than internal; that they spontaneously assume it in order to hide a temperamentally melancholy; though how the opposition between spontaneity and temperament can be reconciled, it would be hard to determine. It is mad rubbish to talk of the sadness of modern Gauls, whether manifest, or secret. Sadness does not enter into their composition. Sadness, in any true import, is something that belongs to the constitution, something which by indulgence grows habitual, and this is alien to their nature. Moody they are; frequently cast down; but they are extremely energetic in ridding themselves of such feeling. If it won't leave them, they leave it by self-destruction, which if not philosophic, is assuredly in consonance with their character.

Why they should be on so much better terms with themselves than other people are, it is not easy at first to perceive.

The cause, as I infer, is that, principally, they have sound digestion; dyspepsia having more to do with discontent than is generally thought. The worst dyspepsia is that which is not apparent to the sufferer, who believes himself entirely well, because he is not perceptibly ill. The French, as a rule, are completely eunepetic, thanks to their cooking; their usual simplicity of diet, and their freedom from excess of every kind.

Secondly, their vanity is no great, so pervading, so ineradicable that it keeps them in perfect favor with their own minds. They are vain on account of their nationality; they are vain on account of their individuality; they are vain on account of their personality. Others may be more fortunate; but nobody can be better than they or they might be under propitious circumstances. Each one of them is a potential hero to himself; spanning the present, however narrow, with the rainbow of hope.

Thirdly, they perpetually look on the bright side of things—not from philosophy or self-discipline, but from an inherent incapacity to see the dark side. In the worst condition they hope for the best, and by their very hope, the best is apt to come to them. Any enterprise they may engage in shows them only its fairest result; its darkest result is, in their appreciation, reserved for somebody else.

Fourthly, their innate and unconquerable optimism helps them vastly. Optimism is the life of the soul; it is something which they feel they can seek with indifference, if not with satisfaction, when the purpose of their creation—enjoyment of some kind—absolutely fails. They do not deem it their duty to stay in a world that has lost its charms for them, and, accordingly, they go out of it logically and serenely.

They have a tremendous advantage over other nations in this. As they were placed here without their consent, they could not but be content, that they have a right to take themselves off, without other permission than their own. Roman Catholicism as France is, naturally, very educated and free, and they are very much more of the Roman creed than harmonizes with their reason. Severely as the church condemns suicide, they feel privileged to commit it, if their existence be out of tune. Even the ignorant and superstitious French forget theological dogma and denunciation, when their small portion of the planet is in eclipse, and they seek the light of the eternal darkness beyond the grave, without waiting for nature to alleviate them. Secularity, they are admirably constituted for terrestrial existence—and who knows what there is beyond? Good digestion, entire self-love, temperamental capacity to see only the bright side, and the consideration of death as entirely desirable, should furnish play for the intellect, and, in the case of the French, that we may feel tempted to imitate them.

A Moving Bridge.

Few visitors to Rome have failed to cross the Tiber from the Ripetta stairs on a boat linked to a rope suspended high above the river, which boat is carried backwards and forwards across the stream by the mere strength of the current. But within the last few months a very ingenious moving bridge, or ponton, has been established in France to connect the Breton seaport town of St. Malo with its suburb of St. Servan. The two places are divided by a wide basin, through which the river flows at its highest tide runs back-wards and forwards. To the visitor who has never crossed the harbor in this shadowy and flimsy-looking conveyance, nothing can appear at first sight to be less inviting. The supports of the platform look too slender to resist the sea, especially when the sea is running rapidly. But for several months Frenchmen have taken freely to patronizing the St. Malo and St. Servan ailing bridge, and its introduction is likely to provoke many industrious imitators. The boat which runs upon the submerged rails is pulled to and fro by two agencies of horses. Altogether the bridge is a great favorite, especially with the ladies, who have taken to using it with perfect confidence. —London Daily News.

The subject of hydrophobia is undergoing thorough investigation. A meeting of the medical faculty was recently convened at the college of physicians and surgeons in this city, and the various complex questions in connection with this mysterious disease were frankly discussed. "What is hydrophobia?"

Can the disease be produced by the bite of a non-rabid dog? Can it be caused by the imagination alone? What are the best methods of prevention and of treatment? These and kindred topics were brought before the meeting by various physicians. As yet the disease is not fully understood by medical men, but facts are studied carefully, and knowledge in regard to it is increasing.

The Bullion Yield.

Few persons have any adequate idea of the yield of precious metals in the United States. The figures for the last quarter of a century are startling and almost incredible. From 1848 to 1874 the enormous sum of \$1,578,407,641 was mined on the Pacific coast. To this amount California contributes over one billion and ninety-four millions and Nevada a little more than one hundred and nineteen millions. The remainder is divided between Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and Utah. The two last territories have yielded but about fifty millions between them, but it is well known that their soil is wonderfully rich in silver ores of a superior character. When these territories become fully developed it is expected that their enormous yield of bullion will recall the golden days of California. In Utah particularly a grain culture has been developed heretofore to the exclusion of mining interests, but this will prove itself no loss in the long run, since it has served to prepare food for a large population. Judging by the amount of precious metals already extracted from the hills of the far west, it may be confidently expected that the yield of the next quarter of a century will, with proper energy, nearly or quite equal the last. New improvements in machinery, the investment of large quantities of capital, and the knowledge that the slopes of the Rocky mountains are so many rich deposits of gold and silver give promise of an abundant return to the capitalist and laborer. This is a happy answer, too, to the gloomy auguries of those who look upon our financial future with distrust. The abundant promise of agriculture and mineral wealth will tide us over our difficulties. A billion and a half of gold and silver is no small return from barren hills, though it took a quarter of a century to gather it.

Decidedly Personal.

Mr. Ruskin, in a recent number of Fort Clavering, says:

"It is quite possible for the simplest workman or laborer for whom I write to understand what the feelings of a gentleman are, and share them if he will; but the crisis and horror of this present time are that its desire of money and the fulness of luxury dishonestly attainable by common persons are gradually making such a man; and the nobler passions are not merely disbelieved, but even the conception of them seems indignant to the ordinary churl mind; so that, to take only one poor instance of them as my own life—because I have passed it in almsgiving, not in fortune hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Linné than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rent, and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood walk better than a London street, and would rather walk a single gully than shoot it, and rather eat a thrush than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil; therefore the backs of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of our wine and a cigar talks of the 'effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.'"

A Disrespectful Man.

The thing occurred in Edinburgh, when Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney and the rest of that brilliant constellation of men of genius were shedding so great a lustre upon "Auld Reekie" and the world. There was, at the time a literary pretender and bore in Edinburgh, whose everlasting subject of the discussion was "The North Pole," and whose delight it was to inflict his theme upon every patient listener. He met Jeffrey in the street one day, and after the usual salutation, at once introduced his favorite subject. "D—n the North Pole!" vociferated Jeffrey, and extricated himself from the bore's grasp, pursued the even flow of his way. The former, wincing under Jeffrey's abrupt treatment, also went on his way, when, encountering the good-natured Sydney, he related to the latter (with much chagrin and disgust) what Jeffrey had said. "Ah!" says Sydney, "I wouldn't mind it. We all know Jeffrey. You'll hardly believe it, but, on a conversation I had with Jeffrey, the other day, he actually spoke disrespectfully of the equator!"

A Substitute for Ice.

It is probable that many good housewives do not know that butter may be kept firm and nice-looking by merely inverting over it a flower-pot covered with damp cloths. In the same way a water-pitcher enveloped in wet cloths will keep its contents cool and grateful to the parched throat this hot weather.

On a large scale the same plan may be used in the fields—as we have before said, but it will bear saying again. The contents of a barrel enveloped in cloths which are kept constantly wet, will be so pleasant as almost to induce the laborer in the field to drink more than is good for him.

The reason why water kept this way is cool is, that the evaporation of the outside dampness carries off the heat from the inside—just as perspiration carries off the heat from the human frame, and renders a fire man capable of withstanding a heat which will cook a beefsteak.

A breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages were laid at \$20,000, has been compromised with a present of five dollars and a new chignon. It was in Kentucky.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—An exchange mentions orange-peel as a power behind the throne.

—Delicately Put.—Customer—"I'm afraid I'm getting a little bald!"

—The Minnesota grasshoppers can eradicate twenty-four acres of wheat in an hour.

—A Boston man says: "It is very easy to remember the poor. I can remember cases twenty years ago."

—Patriotism, Conservatism, hog, hominy, pickles and courting, are the order of the day.

—Chicago will hereafter not allow the presence of frame buildings within her limits. Correct.

—A marble company at Brandon, Vt., is making one hundred thousand headstones for dead soldiers.

—A New York company will insure poodle dogs, but won't take a cent's risk on babies. They know which receives the most care.

—A chap who spent \$1,400 to graduate from Harvard is postmaster in Iowa at \$24 per year. Where would he have been but for his Latin and Greek.

—A marine editor at Cincinnati dares to say that there is not a steamboat man on the western rivers who would not die rather than tell the truth.

—The editor of the Panama Star apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper by saying that he had to haul off to dig buckets out of his legs.

—"O, Lord," prays a minister, "keep me humble and poor!" "O, Lord, if Thou wilt keep him humble," said the deacon who next prayed, "we will keep him poor."

—A Louisiana man puts a two-ounce can of lard-glycerine inside of a chicken, tosses the chicken to an alligator, and that alligator does not trouble the bayou any more.

—Those Texas are had men to be trifled with. One of them wanted a foundry at Galveston to cast him a glass bottle, and when they laughed at him he peppered three men with buckshot.

—When a Michigan woman was taken from the cowcatcher of a locomotive, upon which she had been caught and carried half a mile, she said with feeling, "I was just scooped up like gosh almighty, wasn't I?"

—The example of Mr. James Lick is beginning to bear fruit. It is said that Mr. Henry Shaw proposes to dredge St. Louis's extensive botanical garden, which have long been the pride of that city.

—It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrel, jealousy, bickerings between neighbors, middle-class and tattling, are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

—The present Dumas says: "From the fact that man wanders from the right path, do not let us conclude that it is woman who will lead him back again. She can only follow him when he has found the right path again, and he will find it himself alone."

—It is said that the mosquitoes are unusually large this season. The only satisfaction that people who are obliged to remain in the city can get from this is the hope that the old bull mosquitoes will load around the backyards at night and eat up the tom-cats.

—In the new university at Newburyport all the students acquiring any special tongue are to be denominated as boarders with a family speaking that of their native language; and all foreign professors are to be natives of the countries to which their particular languages belong.

—A walking stick with far on the end got a brace of suspicious-looking men into difficulty in St. Louis, and caused them to bring conveyed as prisoners to the police station. The police seemed to have an idea that the far on the end of the stick was there for financial purposes, and was meant to facilitate the handling in of a portion of the loose change generally to be found on the shelf behind the counter in beer halls when the bar-keeper's back was turned.

—Said that Dettie Judge to Henry Mellins, the other day: "This affair will wrench a \$10 bill from your pocket. You want to go to the city hall. Be careful how you sling your fists around after this. John C. Hennessy gained something of a reputation by blowing his nose up, but public opinion has changed. If you want to be famous you must discover a comet or hang around a reservoir and look out for breaks."

—Little Sherman W. Smith accompanied his mother to a Boston auction store. The Globe says: "He soon ran behind the counter, out of sight, and climbed on a chair got hold of a pistol that had been placed on a shelf. He began playing with this dangerous weapon, which was a Smith & Wesson seven-barreled revolver, and pulled the trigger once, belching the weapon, with the cartridge exploding, he then came round the edge of the counter, and presenting the pistol at his mother, who was sitting facet: him at the sewing machine, before any one had time to notice him or to be made aware of what he was about, pulled the trigger a second time and shot his mother through the heart. The poor woman could only ejaculate, 'Was that loaded?' before she fell dead upon the floor."

Our Demand upon Spain not Yet Answered.

No reply has yet been received to the peremptory demand made, some time ago, upon Spain for indemnity to the families of American citizens who formed part of the officers and crew of the Virginian, and who were executed by Spanish volunteers in Cuba. It is understood that the Spanish authorities are waiting to consult Admiral Polo de Barnabe, who was Spanish minister to the United States at the time the protocol with regard to the Virginian affair was arranged. A member of the cabinet states that it was the intention of the administration to press this matter upon Spain and obtain a satisfactory settlement. It is said that under the present administration the Spanish minister, there can be no question as to the right of our government to enforce this claim.